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THE CAPTAIN'S SLAVES

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ONE

"So far, eleven girls have disappeared from the Peace Camp," Celia Brandon said. "And you say there's nothing you can do?"

The police inspector adopted a conciliatory tone. "As one of the organisers, Miss Brandon, you must be only too well aware that it is a transient population. Especially at this time of year."

"Yes. Of course there are comparatively few who stay through January. But, of those who leave, the majority of them say goodbye, pack their bag and get on the bus. These eleven have simply vanished. They told no-one, not even their closest friends, that they had any intention of leaving, they did not return to the camp to collect their belongings, they were not seen to get on a bus or train or even to hitch a lift. And they have never been heard from again."

"Have you been in contact with their families?"

"Girls who live in the Peace Camp don't have families, Inspector."

"I'm sorry, Miss Brandon. From what you have told me, there is not sufficient evidence to assume that any crime has been committed. Do you know how many people disappear from their homes every single day in this country . . ?"

TWO

"I have made a formal report to the police," Celia said calmly. "They didn't want to know. As far as the police are concerned, they'd like a UFO to descend and carry off every inhabitant of the Peace Camp. Whoever is doing it piecemeal is a public benefactor and they wish he'd take more."

The reporter from the Daily Globe tried to look less bored than he felt. It had seemed like a good story originally, but good leads have an annoying habit of leading nowhere.

"I know you think they are being abducted, Celia," he said. "But it's rather hard to convince our readers. After all, the women here wouldn't exactly win beauty contests."

"They'd never enter for such degrading events!" she snapped. Suddenly her anger seemed to fade into fear. "Tony, they could all be dead."

"Most unlikely," he tried to reassure her. "You don't realise how difficult it is to conceal bodies in this little country. The only thing that's dead is this story, unless there's a dramatic new event, such as evidence of foul play."

"So what are you still doing here?"

"I wish I knew. Or, rather, I wish I had a convincing explanation to offer to my Editor. Following a hunch isn't good enough when there's nothing newsworthy left. I had a word with our chief crime reporter, as you suggested. He thinks your theory is too far-fetched. What is known as the "white-slave-trade" is, of course, still in

operation and far more highly-organised than it used to be, but there's no indication of a departure from their normal tactics of picking up the runaways who arrive at every main-line terminal in London every day. Kidnapping unwilling girls would be far too complicated and risky."

"But all the girls who have disappeared have been young and pretty."

"And that, let's face it, Celia, is the only evidence in support of your theory."

Celia said slowly: "I feel like someone who is mad, trying to convince the world that I'm sane. Twelve girls - the last one went yesterday - have vanished without trace and have never been seen again."

"I have one idea, but it's a bit way-out."

"Anything, anything at all, Tony!"

"Get a transmitter surgically implanted in a volunteer, then have her kidnapped and we'll home in on her."

"The Committee has already thought of that. The first difficulty we have to overcome is finding a volunteer. I would do it, but I am needed to organise, to liaise between the camp and HQ."

"And, of course, you don't actually stay in the camp." He realised that this might seem an implied criticism and continued hastily: "I mean, it's girls who live here on a semi-permanent basis who vanish. As if they - whoever They are - know which of the girls haven't got anxious families demanding to

know where they've gone. No, Celia, you wouldn't be taken, even if you wandered alone through the countryside at night."

"They're getting information from inside the Peace Camp."

"Not difficult. You're a lot more open than the folks next door - I mean the nuclear submarine base."

She did not reply. They were sitting in a pub (the Peace Camp was particularly inhospitable in January) and she was gazing abstractedly at the sailors leaning on the bar.

"Yes, no-one can get into the nuclear submarine base. Or out again."

He said: "I've heard some batty ideas in my time, but that - tell the man from the Ministry of Defence that area's off limits even to you, sir, that's our private brothel."

"The underground complex is big enough to lose a regiment," she snapped. "No official snooper could have such a detailed knowledge of the place that he'd realise he hadn't been shown everywhere. Tony, this has got to be it. No-one else has motive, means and opportunity."

"I'd love to prove you right. This could be just the opportunity we're looking for. The warmongers would never recover. But how the hell could we set about proving it?"

"The base isn't totally off limits to me," she said. "I have a long-standing invitation to meet their PRO, a Captain Atkinson. No, I don't imagine they'll let me explore the place unescorted. But . . I'll fight the enemy with their own methods. Attack. I'm going to give the macho Captain a big fright."

THREE

As Celia had expected, she was closely escorted to the Captain's office. A dark-haired, hard-featured but good-looking man, he greeted her politely.

"I'm glad you came, Miss Brandon. Talking is far preferable to the . . . er . . . cold war that has existed since last September." There was a man in civilian clothes also present and the Captain introduced him: "Mr Grant from the Ministry of Defence."

"Yes, I knew you would refer to the September Incident," Celia sighed. "Your great victory - but the only one you've had."

"What's this?" Mr Grant looked interested.

"You must have at least seen it in the papers."

"I was abroad during September."

Captain Atkinson said: "I don't wish to re-open old wounds."

"But someone will have to satisfy Mr Grant's curiosity now," Celia told him. "And I've always wanted to congratulate whoever thought of such defensive measures." She turned to Grant. "Some of our supporters attacked the base. A futile stunt and I advised against it - so the fiasco enhanced my influence. Surrounding the perimeter fence, as you know, is an area of sand. The navy were, of course, aware of our intentions and they had prepared a booby-trap. Underneath a thin layer of sand was a considerable depth of the productions of the local farms."

Mr Grant tried not to laugh, and failed.

Captain Atkinson said: "I hope the washing facilities at the Peace Camp were adequate."

"Everyone went in the sea. I thought all personnel in the base had their telescopes trained on us." She correctly interpreted his expression of triumph. "You - it was your idea."

Mr Grant interposed hastily: "We are now talking peace, not re-fighting old wars."

"I haven't come to talk surrender," she said, "though you must be aware of the effects of your present war of attrition."

"Your main adversaries at the moment," Atkinson said, "would appear to be those who defeated Napoleon - Generals January and February."

"I think there is also a General Bluebeard."

His only reaction appeared to be slight puzzlement, as he looked at her enquiringly. She had been too concerned with his reaction to look at Grant, who now said plaintively: "Is there something the Ministry should know about?"

Celia left it to Atkinson to reply. He said: "I think Miss Brandon is referring to another failed publicity stunt. Girls have been disappearing from the Peace Camp."

"Yes, I read something about it. But how do you differentiate between a disappearance and a girl

just deciding to move on? It's not exactly a fixed abode."

"Miss Brandon is about to make the accusation that we - the military personnel - are responsible for the alleged disappearances," Atkinson said.

She had not expected such a swift counter-attack. "I didn't say that. The possibility has been suggested, but we haven't seen your men digging a lot of graves recently."

"I m sure we could find a better use for strays from the Peace Camp," Atkinson said smoothly. "Some of your girls would be quite presentable if they were cleaned up."

Celia had lost her advantage and she knew it. The man from the Ministry would take the story back to London as a joke. Her only achievement had been to warn the sinister Captain Atkinson that they suspected him. She had not scared the Navy, as she intended. They had terrified her, and she drove back to her cosy flat in London at a dangerously high speed.

They couldn't abduct her, she thought. They would obviously try to kill her. She told her story to her incredulous comrades at the Disarmament Campaign and they readily agreed that she should leave the country for a while. She booked a seat on the next plane to Paris and checked in at the airport. But she was detained by Customs Officers, suspiciously searching the luggage of a notorious political agitator. The plane left without her, and crashed.

When it eventually became clear that she had not been on the doomed plane, she had been missing for several days. It was assumed that she had found somewhere else to hide; and her comrades had enough problems at the moment with a Peace Conference. They hoped that the hysterical Celia and her embarrassingly preposterous theories would stay out of sight for a very long time.

FOUR

When she awoke, she was lying on a hard narrow bed in a windowless cell. The bed, secured to the floor, was the only furnishing, and the toilet facilities were a plastic bucket in one corner of the cell. Some time later, a guard brought her food, which she could not eat, and tea, which she drank gratefully. She was not surprised that the guard was in naval uniform.

She was not surprised, but she felt a tremor of fear, when the cell door was unlocked again and Captain Atkinson entered.

He looked at her; that coldly triumphant look which had so frightened her on their first encounter.

"You know where you are?" he asked.

"Yes. So do quite a few other people."

He did not bother to deny the statement, as if it was not worthy of his notice. "It's fortunate that my colleagues' over-reaction did not prove fatal to you. This way is much more enjoyable."

"You put a bomb in that plane - killed all those people?"

Again he did not trouble to answer her. Their time of verbal fencing was long gone.

She realised that he was carrying a long thin cane. She tried to suppress her involuntary cry of fright. And the whip seemed to clarify for her the hopelessness of her situation. Resistance at the

present time and in the present circumstances would only make things harder for herself.

"Take your clothes off," he ordered.

Passively, she began to strip. She had expected that her obedience would disappoint him, deprive him of a further triumph. But it seemed that her submissiveness pleased him. He watched in satisfaction as she completed her undressing and stood naked before him.

He walked around her, examining her from all angles. She managed not to flinch as he touched her, though she could not restrain a gasp of pain as he cruelly squeezed a nipple.

"When I made my first selection of the Peace Camp women, I rejected you," he said. "Too skinny. I like plenty of flesh to beat. However, it is amusing to have the enemy's leader as my prisoner."

She was staring downwards and did not reply.

"A few hundred years ago, we had a more effective method of dealing with prisoners of war," he went on. "They were made to serve as our slaves." His hand under her chin forced her to look up at him. "A pretty female is a valuable piece of property. Nothing more than that. You, who misguidedly claimed equality . . " he lightly flicked her breast with the rattan " . . see this symbol of your subjection. A female's limited intelligence can only respond to punishment. The whip is our most effective means of communication."

She dared not reply. And he knew that her silence was surrender, not defiance.

He seized her arm and forced her to bend over the edge of the bed. Relaxing his painful grip, he stepped back and gazed in satisfaction at the naked woman, positioned for her first taste of pain. Motionless, she waited, her upraised buttocks tautened in anticipation. She heard the rattan swish through the air as he raised it high, but she never knew whether she heard its descent because that was mingled with a scorching pain that convulsed her.

She could not restrain an incoherent cry. She gripped the bed, willing herself not to move, afraid that any sign of disobedience would increase the severity of her punishment.

The second stroke was across the tops of her thighs, even more unbearable, and her resolve broke. She flung herself at his feet, begging for mercy.

He stepped back. "Return to your position." The rattan flicked across her back and she curled up in anguish.

He waited. She crawled to the bed, pulled herself up and resumed the position as he had commanded.

She could not count the strokes. She was screaming as wave after wave of agony swept over her.

He had stopped and her screams gradually faded to sobs.

"An unsatisfactory performance," he said. "But you will be trained to the whip. Lie on the bed."

She struggled to obey. He roughly pulled her into position on her bruised and painful bottom and forced her legs back so that her ankles almost touched her shoulders. Through her fear, she might have pretended a response as he used her harshly, violently, but the position in which he held her made her unable to move. And it was an immobility which he had deliberately inflicted upon her; she was merely a slave, a receptacle for his lust. When he had finished, he left without a word. She lay on the bed, crying, until exhaustion eventually brought sleep.

FIVE

A female naval rating wakened Celia and took her to a bathroom where she was permitted to take a shower. She did not attempt any dialogue with the guard, concentrating on soaping herself thoroughly in a vain attempt to remove the traces of Atkinson's violation of her body. But the marks remained on her buttocks, the bruises between her thighs, and the scars on her mind. She was too afraid of him to hate him, she realised, but the point seemed irrelevant.

The guard was carrying a cane, but had not yet used it.

"Your first lesson of the day," the woman said. "You will address all gentlemen as 'sir' and all ladies as 'ma'am', unless otherwise ordered. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

This stout, vulgar-looking woman was of low rank; no-one but a prisoner would have to address her in such an obsequious manner.

Physically clean, Celia wrapped herself in a large towel.

"Take that off," ordered the guard. "I'm taking you to see Lieutenant Carter."

"You mean I'm to go naked?"

The guard laughed shortly. "Your working uniform. Move!"

She whacked her cane across Celia's bare bottom. It was not a particularly hard stroke, but Celia gasped. She meekly followed her escort along a corridor. They passed two male naval personnel and she cringed at their obscene speculations. She had heard it all before, any attractive woman has heard such remarks about her body and her ability to please men, and ignored them or reacted according to her character. Now Celia knew that she would have to submit to such indignities. The natural emotions of anger and fear were there, but superficial. There was a deeper resignation, an acceptance. Atkinson had taught her about slavery and it had been a hard lesson, but she had learned. And it was hardly a conscious decision that submission made good sense, in the interests of self-preservation.

She had no time to ponder the matter. The guard knocked on a door and ushered her into an office.

An elegant woman in officer's uniform was seated at the desk. She seemed to be reading a document and the naked Celia stood silent and motionless before her, patiently waiting to be noticed. A standard humiliation, inflicted in lesser form in many offices; only now she had no option but to accept it.

At last the Lieutenant looked up, and Celia recognised her, remembering an angry exchange at the gates of the Base some weeks previously.

"Yes, we both remember." The Lieutenant's lips smiled but her eyes were cold. "You called me a fascist murderer and a government whore."

"No, ma'am - I would never use 'whore' as an insult. Women are what men make them."

"How very enlightened," Carter sneered. "But you didn't realise, when you adopted such a liberal attitude to your fallen sisters, that you would become one of them."

"No, ma'am."

She had attempted to make common cause with another woman in this male-dominated environment, and the attempt had failed. Celia retreated into the passivity of slavery.

"Turn round." Celia obeyed. Carter surveyed the marks on her back and bottom and sighed impatiently. "Sullivan," she addressed Celia's guard, who was standing by the office door: "you'll have to paint over those bruises. I wish Captain Atkinson wouldn't damage the goods. I've got to put that on show tonight, and the Admiral specifically asked to be the first to thrash it."

Celia registered no shock on hearing herself referred to as "it". An animal or a slave - not a human being. Her new owners probably found it a psychological necessity to distance themselves from their property, as a slave was once differentiated by the colour of his or her skin.

"Would it help to redden it all over, ma'am?" Sullivan suggested. "With a flat paddle?"

"No. I want it looking as unused as possible for the Admiral. You can have your fun later. Now go and paint it, and bring it to the main hall at nineteen hundred hours precisely."

SIX

Celia had been correct in assuming that these activities were taking place in a specially-guarded area of the underground complex. One of the rooms had been equipped to resemble a small nightclub. The waitresses and barmaids, some of whom she recognised, wore brief and revealing uniforms of black mini-dress, white lacy apron and cap.

Conversation ceased and everyone, customers and slaves, turned to watch as Sullivan led the still-naked Celia across the room to a table where two officers were sitting.

Sullivan saluted. "The new whore for inspection, sir!"

She marched away and Celia stood before the two men. She recognised Admiral Bennett.

"So we meet again, Miss Brandon."

"Yes, sir."

"In very different circumstances. No banners now, no pretensions, literally nothing to hide behind."

"No, sir."

"Well, Martin," the Admiral said to his colleague, "I told you this one would look quite passable stripped."

The younger officer grinned. "Your superior judgment, sir! I wouldn't have thought that those denims and combat jacket concealed a beddable wench."

"You can make your final judgment on that later, Martin. First, we have a little ceremony to perform."

He handed Celia a typewritten sheet of paper. "Go and stand on the platform."

There was a small platform at one end of the room. Holding the sheet of paper, she walked towards it, mounted the steps and stood facing her audience.

"Read aloud your confession," the Admiral ordered.

She unfolded the paper. "I was one of the organisers of the so-called Peace Camp," she began. "We campaigned for the unilateral abolition of nuclear weapons. Our purpose was to render this country defenceless to its enemies and to aid those enemies in their plans of conquest. In our attempts to execute that purpose, we caused great annoyance and hindrance to our country's defenders. I am a traitor to my country and I now stand before you for punishment."

She finished reading but did not look up. There was silence in the room. Then someone started clapping. Others took up the applause.

She looked up. And saw Captain Atkinson observing the proceedings from a discreet table in a corner. Although he had not joined in the clapping, she bowed towards him as if acknowledging the applause. He was not the highest ranking officer, but she knew he was in charge of this operation.

The Admiral stood up. "This Court Martial will now pronounce sentence," he announced. The noise subsided.

"The prisoner has pleaded guilty to treason. Under normal circumstances, the penalty would be death. However, in view of her repentance, this Court will be lenient. Celia Brandon, you are sentenced to a term of imprisonment of indefinite duration. During your sentence, you will make recompense for your previous misdeeds by serving as a whore, for the use of the officers and men of this and other Camps."

There was more applause. Unable to make himself heard, the Admiral beckoned to Celia. She left the platform and once again stood before him.

Martin rapped on the table to restore silence. The Admiral ordered: "Kneel and thank the Court for its mercy."

She knelt at his feet. "Thank you, sir, for this leniency. I shall endeavour to prove myself worthy of your mercy."

"Very good!" the Admiral approved. He announced: "The official business of this Court is concluded. Now, to personal matters. Celia, you recall the occasion of our last meeting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember what I said to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say it."

"You said you would like to put me across your knee and spank me, and that I would benefit by the experience."

"Yes. And you remember what you said in reply?"

She hesitated. "Yes, sir."

"Say it."

Still kneeling, she looked up at him. "Please, sir, I can't! Not now!"

"Say it."

"I - I said 'is that the only way you can get it up, old man?'" Then she covered her face with her hands.

The Admiral smiled. "Not the only way, but certainly one of my favourite ways. Bring a chair forward - an armless chair." It was brought and he seated himself. "Celia, come here."

She placed herself over his knee and wriggled into a balanced position. She felt his instant response. "Yes, sir, a good way," she whispered.

"Impudent hussy!" But he sounded pleased. And Celia knew that the slave's most potent weapon was to please the master.

She felt his hard hand stroking her bottom. The paint which Sullivan had used was quite effective, and there was little trace of the fact that Captain Atkinson had initiated her into slavery.

Then his hand descended, a heavy slap which resounded through the hushed room. Celia shrieked. She instinctively knew that this man would be pleased by screams and pleas, unlike Atkinson, who trained his slaves to submit to their punishment stoically.

In fact, the spanking was far less painful than the flogging she had received from Atkinson, even though her flesh had been rendered more sensitive by the previous punishment. Her bottom was hot and sore when the Admiral stopped spanking her and called for a paddle.

"Leather or rubber, sir?" a waitress asked.

Celia thought she said it as calmly as if enquiring if he wanted another drink. She had become aware of the incongruous sense of normality in these proceedings. As if it was the natural way to be. During the intense humiliation which she had been forced to undergo, she had been able to sense the men's pleasure and enjoyment of her behaviour. Nobody hated her now. One did not hate an item of property. It was to be used - and protected. They would flog her and fuck her, inflict every imaginable form of pain and humiliation upon her; and, if the place caught fire, they would risk their lives to rescue her.

"Both types - leather and rubber," the Admiral ordered.

When they were brought, he said: "We'll try a consumer test."

Celia yelped and squirmed as the stinging paddle made harsh contact with her sore bottom.

"Now the other one," the Admiral said, and brought it slapping down on almost the same spot.

"She didn't squeal quite so loudly," Martin observed.

"Well, Celia?" asked the Admiral. "Which do you prefer?"

She gasped. "I don't know." Then she had an inspiration. "May I try them again, sir?"

There was an appreciative roar of laughter. "Certainly," the Admiral agreed affably. "Now, Number ONE . . . or Number TWO."

"I think - Number One, sir."

"In case anyone at the back can't see," Martin announced, "Number One is the rubber paddle. Leather fetishists please note."

"Are you quite sure, Celia?" asked the Admiral.

"Er - fairly sure, sir."

"We'll try again to make certain. Number ONE . . . or Number TWO."

"Oh yes, sir. Number One."

Amid the prevailing merriment, Atkinson impassively noted that she had chosen, as the paddle she preferred, the one which hurt her more.

"So this is the favourite." The Admiral raised it high to show it to all. "And, since you are such a good girl, Celia, I will give you a reward. Another ten strokes with your favourite paddle."

The rubber paddle stung severely, but she was able to count the strokes. After six, her cries changed to pleas for mercy, pleas which no-one, least of all Celia, expected to be heeded.

Having completed the ten strokes, the Admiral allowed Celia to slide off his knee. She stayed on the floor, hoping that he would allow her a few moments to recover before he ordered her to stand.

"I told you weeks ago that a spanking was just what you needed," he said. "And you didn't believe me. Now, Celia. Has the spanking done you good?"

"Yes, sir," she replied clearly. "I don't understand - but, oh, it has done me good!"

The Admiral stood up and assisted Celia to her feet. "And that, gentlemen, concludes the evening's entertainment," he said as he led her to a private room.

SEVEN

It was furnished as a luxurious bedroom. The Admiral sat on the edge of the bed and told Celia to remove his shoes. She assisted him to undress, and carefully hung up his uniform. He lay back on the bed and ordered her to come to him. She lay beside him and he fondled her gently, exploring every detail of her firm young body. Then, to her astonishment, he kissed her.

"Why does that surprise you?" She had responded dutifully, but he had noticed her expression.

"I - I'd heard that gentlemen don't kiss whores, sir."

"I'm the Admiral, Celia. I do what I like."

"Yes, sir." She smiled and lay back. He mounted her.

His use of her body was not a brutal rape as the Captain had done to her. He took his pleasure without concern for her needs, but not violently. She was too anxious to please him to derive any enjoyment herself from the fucking.

When he had finished, he rolled off her and lay for some time without speaking. She waited silently, knowing that a slave was not permitted to initiate a conversation.

"Are you sorry now," he asked eventually, "that you were so insolent that day I assumed command of the Base?"

She took a gamble. After all, she had little to lose - except, possibly, some skin off her back - and quite a few advantages to gain.

"In a way, sir."

Her unexpected reply caused him to sit up. "In what way?"

She looked up at him. "I'm sorry I was insolent to you, sir. What I said was vulgar and crude, and I deeply regret it. But, if I hadn't said it, would I be here now?"

They both knew that it had been Atkinson's decision to take her. But the Admiral, although immune to flattery in his professional life, had never previously encountered a slave quick-witted enough to employ such sycophancy.

"I'm glad you have the intelligence to realise it," he said slowly. "Slavery is a woman's natural position."

"Yes, sir. But we have to be taught that, we'll never acknowledge it by ourselves."

He turned her over and caressed her bottom, which was still bright red. "This is a woman's proudest attribute, Celia. A well-thrashed bottom. Proof that a man has taken the trouble to understand her, and spared the time to treat her as she needs to be treated."

She slid off the bed, knelt and kissed his hand. "Thank you for beating me, sir."

"It was a pleasure, Celia," he told her. "Now, help me to get dressed. You're not so efficient as my batman, but very much more amusing."

Uniform restored, he made the final adjustment to his tie. "I'm going to get some sleep. I have a busy day tomorrow. Come along, Celia, you are keeping my Flag-Lieutenant waiting."

They emerged from the bedroom into the "night-club".

"Goodnight, gentlemen," the Admiral said cheerfully and departed amid a chorus of replies.

Celia walked back to the table where Martin was drinking alone. He looked up at her.

"Go and wash the old man's sperm out of you," he ordered. "Quickly!"

She fled, took the hastiest shower and douche she had ever had, and returned to the Lieutenant, whose surname she did not know.

As Celia stood by his table, being ignored, Sullivan marched up and saluted.

He acknowledged her presence. "Sullivan, I don't understand how you manage to stamp, even on this carpet."

"No, sir. Sorry, sir."

"What is it?"

"Is it all right to use the same bedroom, sir? The linen's been changed, of course. Everywhere else is occupied."

"It's perfectly all right," Martin said. Celia had expected to detect some irony in his reply, but none existed; it was a simple statement of fact. Sullivan saluted again, about-turned and marched away, trying, rather awkwardly, to put her feet down quietly. Celia knew that, someday soon, Sullivan would whip her, and had already decided that fawning obsequiousness was her best method of dealing with the woman.

But this man was an unknown quantity. Martin said: "Back to the bedroom, Celia."

"Yes, sir." She followed him.

He seated himself in the one armchair in the room.

"Go and get me a cane," he ordered.

"Yes, sir." She hurried to obey, and swiftly returned, closing the door carefully. She knelt to hand the cane to him; he accepted it, and looked at her searchingly.

"So you brought a short cane," he said, "not a rattan."

"I'm sorry, sir, I don't know the difference. Shall I go and change it?"

"No, this is quite satisfactory for the moment. But you must learn the difference. The rattan is a very long and therefore more painful type of cane. As our revered Captain Bligh says, 'bamboo is for beginners, rattan is for real'."

"Captain Bligh?"

"One of his nicknames. I'm sure you know who I mean. He runs this ship, you know. And the Admiral thinks he had you first."

She dared not reply.

"I'm not going to cane you hard," he said. "I don't think you can take much more tonight. That will be a treat postponed, Celia."

"Thank you, sir." Was she thanking him for his mercy, or for the promise of future attentions.

"These rooms are fairly soundproof," he said, "so I want you to scream very loudly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Place yourself on the whipping-stool."

This was a wooden framework, so constructed that, when a slave bent over it, the buttocks were elevated, prepared for punishment. There were leather straps to secure the slave, but Martin made no attempt to use them.

The first stroke was so light that it hardly stung. Subsequent strokes were equally merciful, but she obeyed his order, howling and shrieking more loudly in response to this gentle chastisement than she had screamed when lying under Atkinson's rattan.

"Very good," he said, throwing down the cane. He went back to the armchair. She knelt before him.

"I can't fuck," he said bluntly.

She had expected this. "Every man can fuck, sir."

"You don't understand."

"I do understand, sir, because I'm a whore and a slave. I can make you come, if you take your time and be patient. We've got all night. Please, sir!"

He shrugged. "We have to spend some time here. I may as well give you something to do."

She undressed him, hanging and folding his clothes as respectfully as she had done the Admiral's more resplendent uniform. He lay on the bed and she began to caress his penis and testicles, using her fingers and tongue. He lay still, with his eyes closed, but, from his occasional murmurs of pleasure, it seemed that her labours were achieving some effect, if only to help him relax.

Behind his testicles, her fingers lightly touched his anal opening and she realised that that stimulation did give him pleasure. She concentrated on that area with one hand, employing the other hand on his balls and keeping his still-flaccid cock in her mouth, her tongue licking busily. In the urgency of the situation, she hardly realised how tired she was. If she could make this man prove himself a man, he would have cause to be grateful to the slave. He had already been kind to her. There might be considerable advantages in pleasing him.

She had no means of knowing how long it took, but at last the miracle happened. His cock stiffened. Since he seemed disinclined to move, she gently impaled herself upon his organ and concentrated on

tightening the muscles of her cunt to continue his stimulation.

Suddenly he was energised. He rolled over, still keeping his penis inside her, so that he was now on top, and began plunging vigorously; so enthusiastically that she was afraid he might come out and not be able to get back in. She clasped her arms around his waist so that she would move with him and he could not withdraw too far.

It was difficult to judge, but her timing was lucky. She was theatrically faking her own orgasm when he groaned and collapsed on top of her.

When he rolled off, he said: "That was the first time - with a woman."

"With a slave, sir. That's what makes the difference."

"Yes. I suppose you're right."

"May I say something, sir?"

"Yes."

"That was the first time I've actually had an orgasm during intercourse."

"Was it really?" He sat up and looked at her in delight. "I read somewhere that most women only get orgasm by clitoral stimulation, not vaginal."

"Yes, sir. The vast majority of women. And I thought that included me - until it happened just then."

"Well, well." He lay back.

"Are you angry with me, sir?"

"Angry? No, why should I be?"

"Because a slave's only function is to please her master; she should not derive pleasure herself."

"I don't see why not," he said. "Of course, pleasing me is the most important thing, but - it's quite amusing that I made you come, Celia. When no other man could do that."

He yawned. "The rule is that a slave returns to the dormitory as soon as her master is asleep, but I'm ordering you to stay with me until morning, Celia. I think I like the idea of having a woman in my bed."

Feeling rather smug, Celia settled down in his arms. He was soon asleep and snoring slightly. She disengaged herself from his embrace and lay, staring into the darkness. An excellent score. In one evening, she had become the favourite of the Admiral and his homosexual Lieutenant. She had discovered that the Admiral occasionally let drop snippets of information. So he had a busy day tomorrow. That might mean something or nothing. She would be constantly on the alert for such items. And, to add to her score, she had greatly amused all the audience at her "confession". The most popular slave in the camp!

She had amused all the audience but one. One had cold-bloodedly observed; he had not smiled.

Despite the very effective heating, Celia shivered. She remembered the time a couple of Peace Camp women had got into the base, and had been thrown down a steep flight of metal steps on the orders of an officer whom one of them, from her hospital bed, had described as "black-haired, cruel-looking - as handsome as the devil and twice as nasty."

Why did he so despise women? The glib, pseudo-psychological answer was that a woman had hurt him, and Celia knew instinctively that the real reason was far more complex.

The bomb that killed a plane-load of people had not been of his ordering, but he viewed their destruction with as little concern as an ordinary man would swat a fly.

"The whip is our only effective means of communication." Communication . . . a slave's communion with her master. Only in the depths of pain could she reach him, reach out to him . . .

"A valuable item of property." A mindless body whose only function was to obey. Not a human being with thoughts and feelings and emotions.

What emotions? Hatred? No, that was long gone. Fear? Yes, that would be forever. And what else?

No, never say it. A slave dare not love her master. Traitor to herself, traitor to her sex. Denied any remnant of the dignity of womanhood, stripped, insulted, flogged, fucked. Used. An item of property. He owned her body and mind. Yes, her mind also. Despite her pretence of looking for

escape. If an opportunity presented itself, she would not take it. Freedom from him . . . freedom without him would be meaningless. The agony of his whip was the price she would gladly pay to be in his presence, to occupy his attention. Even in serving other men, she was obeying only her Master.

In another life, a long time ago, the day before yesterday, she had been free, free to waste and wreck her life. A rebel without a cause, rootless, friendless. Here there was safety, security, protection. No decisions to make, nothing to do but obey.

Not degraded. Elevated to the highest honour; to be his slave.

Those who said it was wrong had never tasted the fulfilment of slavery. Let them know the kiss of the whip and they would never again talk of rights and freedoms. The bonding between master and slave was the only true liberation.

She fell asleep.

EIGHT

Celia was beginning to know her way around the block. Meals were sent in from the main canteen to feed the slaves. She wondered what explanation was given of the requirement for meals by people who were never seen. Scientists working on a top-secret project, maybe. Or was the whole base aware of the existence of the slave-whores?

The public-address system crackled. "Celia to Lieutenant Carter's office. Immediately."

She abandoned her coffee and obeyed.

The elegant lady officer was not there. Captain Atkinson was lounging in her chair. His rattan lay on the desk.

"Congratulations on your performance yesterday, Celia."

"Thank you, sir."

"And further congratulations on your achievement with Martin Watson."

She waited.

"Did Lieutenant Watson make any comments on the situation here?"

She tried to remember. "He seemed to accept - to agree with the situation. He could have been quoting you, sir."

"Quoting me - not agreeing with me?"

"He didn't give any indication that he didn't agree with you, sir. He seemed a bit uptight, but I assumed that was because of his preferences."

"Because he's a homosexual, you mean?"

"Yes, sir." She continued: "There seemed to be some undercurrent, but I may be misinterpreting it. I know that most homosexuals are quite happy with the way they are, they don't envy heterosexuals, yet I subconsciously feel that some of them resent being different. I may have been looking for bitterness when there wasn't any there. On one encounter, I can't be sure. Oh - he called you Captain Bligh, sir."

"That, in itself, is not an indication of hostility," Atkinson observed. Both master and slave were smiling. Atkinson's tone hardened. "I think he's our weak link. Since you have fortunately established a rapport with him, be aware of everything whilst you're with him. And keep me informed."

"Yes, sir."

It did not seem incongruous that he was trusting a new prisoner with matters of security.

"You may go."

"Thank you, sir." Thank him for dismissing her from his presence, for sending her away from the mainspring of her existence.

"Please, Master - "

They both knew that she was going to beg him to whip her.

"When I choose to do so, Celia."

She understood. This man's slaves could not even elect to be whipped.

"Yes, Master."

She was walking past Sullivan, at her desk in the outer office, when the woman said: "Celia."

"Yes, ma'am?"

"I think it's time we got better acquainted. Come to my room at two o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am."

Not having been assigned any duties, Celia wandered into the slaves' common-room where three girls were playing Monopoly. Apart from their nudity, it could have been ordinary people in an ordinary room. Once again, she found herself wondering at the anomalous normality of the atmosphere.

They greeted her pleasantly, but no-one mentioned their past situations. There was little conversation regarding their present experiences, and what was said revealed total acceptance. How swiftly the transition had taken place; one of the girls had been abducted less than a week ago. Then Celia realised that she herself had been taken the day before yesterday; and already she was totally a slave.

"I have to see Sullivan this afternoon," she said. "Any advice?"

She was politely told that they were not permitted to discuss members of staff, and would she like to join in the next game of Monopoly?

About half an hour later, the door opened. The slaves rose to their feet to acknowledge the entry of two young lieutenants. One of the men glanced at the board. "Who's winning?" he asked.

"Celia, sir."

"That doesn't surprise me. But you'll have to take a rain-check on this game, Celia. You have duties elsewhere."

Obediently she went with the two men. Since the corridor was quite narrow, they were walking in single file, Celia in the middle. Like a prisoner and escort, she thought. Though it could not have been intentional and was merely a matter of convenience. There was no possibility of escape, and this slave had lost all her illusions about freedom.

Back to the "night-club" and one of the bedrooms; a different one this time, considerably larger, and there were four other men awaiting their arrival.

She was breathing rather faster than usual, but betrayed no other sign of nervousness as she faced them. The six men looked at her; a beautiful naked female, brought here for their use and amusement.

The Lieutenant said: "We felt sorry for you last night, when you only had the old man and the queer. So we brought you here to remedy the situation."

"Thank you, sir."

"It will be a pleasure! Lie on the bed."

Automatically she positioned herself face downwards.

"Nigel, you're not going to waste time whipping her?" someone enquired.

"Most of us don't consider it a waste," the Lieutenant, whom he had addressed as Nigel, remarked.

"And the little bitches expect it. Most of them can't get wet between the legs without it."

"Don't you know any other way?"

"Gentlemen! Enough wrangling!" Nigel interposed as peacemaker. "We have all morning - but we are now wasting time."

The cane swished down and the sharp crack as it contacted the slave's bare bottom sounded loud in the silent room. Her cry was more surprise than hurt. They would enjoy her humiliation (as they thought) but they had no desire to cause her real pain.

Having administered six strokes, Nigel pulled her on to her back. Taking hold of her ankles, he forced her legs wide apart.

"Blindfold her," he ordered.

There were six men present and presumably each one of them used her in turn, but she found it impossible to differentiate between each heaving body lying heavily on top of her, each thrusting penis penetrating deep inside her cunt, mouth or anus, the hands gripping her hard, forcing her into different positions to receive their lust, the groans and jerks and moans of satisfaction. Then the blindfold was removed and the Lieutenant smiled at her.

"You're a bloody good fuck, Celia. And so say all of us." There was a murmur of agreement. Nigel continued: "And you're also expert at consumer testing, as we saw last night. So, which of these gentlemen pleased you the most? Number One, Number Two, Number Three, Number Four, Number Five or Number Six?"

Bruised, breathless and exhausted, she lay on the bed, not too discomposed to note that these young men were not yet true masters; their error was in talking of the "pleasing" of a slave.

She smiled at the Lieutenant. It had been possible to be aware that he was the first.

"I think - Number One, sir."

"You think?"

"Well, sir, as you saw last night, I can't make a final decision from one sampling."

NINE

She reported to Sullivan as ordered. As she had expected, the woman's room was neat but impersonal.

"Come in and sit down," Sullivan invited her.

"Thank you, ma'am."

"When you are allowed to sit down," Sullivan said, "you sit with your legs wide apart."

Celia altered her position hastily.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll remember."

"I like to get to know all my girls," Sullivan said. "I'm in charge of you all, you know, the day-to-day administration. You'll soon get used to the routine. Any problems, let me know. Now, you're not allowed clothes or jewellery, of course, but if there's any little personal possession you'd like, let me know."

Several of the girls in the dormitory had cuddly toys. That did not appeal to Celia, but she now knew where they had come from.

"It seems strange - but I can't think of anything at all, at the moment, ma'am, that I want. Oh, there is one thing - the makeup that's available - I've always preferred powder blusher. And the mascara's not very good." She mentioned a couple of top-quality brands. Sullivan made notes.

"I'll see to it," she promised. "So you know about makeup - you will have to give the other girls lessons. Some of them haven't a clue."

Looking at the woman's plain, unpainted face, Celia had an inspiration. "Yes, ma'am. Makeup makes such a difference. Of course, you don't have time to bother with much, and you don't want to be painted like a whore, but a little discreet makeup would enhance the advantages you've already got. You have a good facial bone structure and such a lovely clear complexion - ma'am, may I show you what I mean?"

Sullivan's expression was that of a child who has been promised a treat. "Yes, go and get what you need from the dormitory."

Celia made a hasty selection; she also appropriated a hot-brush hair-curler and an electric razor, as she suspected that Sullivan's thick stockings concealed unshaven legs.

In the extremes of politics, makeup was regarded as bourgeois or worse, but Celia, unorthodox even in her unorthodoxy, was competent in its use. It took her over an hour, but Sullivan was delighted by the result.

"I don't look painted," she said wonderingly.

"In your position, ma'am, your makeup has to be subtle."

"Yes . . I see what you mean. You can come and do my face every morning."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"It's time I had a personal maid," Sullivan remarked.

Personal maid. In Celia's former life, Sullivan was the type of woman she would have employed to clean her flat. Yet that contrast did not occur to her.

"I shall do my best to please you, ma'am."

"Yes. You will. And a maidservant has to do many other things besides being a beautician. First you can polish my shoes. That will be another of your morning routines."

Celia knelt before Sullivan, offering the polished shoes for inspection. "Adequate," Sullivan conceded. She had never before had anyone to undertake that task for her, and wondered why the idea had not previously occurred to her, since it was over six months since the first slave had been installed. "The Admiral's favourite!" She laughed. "But in this camp, a whore also has to please the ladies." She pulled off her skirt and knickers, and lay down on the bed, spreading her legs wide. "Come here. Kneel between my legs. Now, get licking."

Celia obeyed, her tongue lapping frantically against the older woman's clitoris. After a momentary panic because she had no previous experience of lesbianism, she realised that she knew her own body well enough to be certain what would please another woman. She knew the spot where gentle stimulation could produce a swift climax; the other areas, further into the crevasse between the thighs, which created delicious sensations to extend the lady's pleasure. The slave dared to tease, to soothe and then to inflame. She was in control now, and she knew it. She could keep Sullivan helpless on the bed for hours, or give her release. As if playing an instrument, she was aware of her mistress's reaction

to every slightest move. As music builds to a crescendo, Sullivan was guided to a breathtaking climax.

TEN

This time, all the slavegirl's devices could not arouse Martin Watson. He lay on the bed, staring at nothing in particular.

"Stop it, Celia," he said eventually.

Grateful for the rest, she lay down on the bed beside him and cuddled up to him.

"Is something troubling you, sir?" she asked.

"I can't - I don't want to talk about it."

"You can't talk to anyone else, sir. And you know a slave doesn't gossip."

He was silent and she did not dare press him any further. Eventually he said: "We all have to accept things we don't personally agree with, Celia. Especially in the Services. But I thought I agreed with this. Whores from the Peace Camp. Because of the way I am, I've always regarded women as inferior beings. Until I met you. You're different. You're special. I can't bear to think of you being whipped and fucked by any man on this base."

"But that's the way it has to be - it should be." She tried to explain, and her explanation sounded unconvincing because she herself did not fully understand how the transmutation had been accomplished.

"Go to sleep, Celia," he said eventually.

She waited until he had been asleep for some minutes, then crept out of the room. It was late, and the "club" was deserted.

Sullivan was asleep and snoring.

"Captain Atkinson's not on the base," she said. "He'll be back tomorrow. What the hell's happened, Celia?"

"Someone is going to betray us. Is Miss Carter available?"

In her pyjamas and dressing-gown, Sullivan led the way to the Lieutenant's suite. Carter was in bed, alone. She was aware of Atkinson's suspicions and, when Celia had explained the situation, she sent two guards to arrest Watson.

They reported that he had left the bedroom. Some minutes later, it was discovered that he had left the base.

Carter brusquely despatched motor-cycle patrols in all directions, then went to report to Admiral Bennett.

Sullivan was sitting at her desk, pale and worried-looking and still in her dressing-gown, gripping the telephone as if there was some useful further action she could undertake.

Celia put her arm around her. "It's all right," she said. "No-one will betray you, you know that. The worst that could possibly happen is that you'll all be thrown out of the Navy - there'll be the greatest

hush-up operation ever known - and think how much more we could earn for you in civilian life."

Sullivan stared at her. "You'd do that?"

"We belong to Captain Atkinson," Celia replied simply.

"So do I," said Sullivan, and burst into tears.

Celia took her back to bed and stayed with her until morning.

ELEVEN

"He is also a trained officer," Atkinson said quietly. "We won't find him."

"This couldn't have happened at a worse time," Bennett fumed. "I had a phone-call only an hour ago - my sister's dying in hospital in Inverness."

"Then you should go to her, sir."

"I can't leave you to cope on your own!"

"We carry on as normal. Contingency Plan A. I see your car's waiting, sir."

"Well, I really should - are you sure you'll be all right?"

"Perfectly sure, sir."

Bennett was halfway through the door when Atkinson called him back.

"Admiral."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Be careful you don't trip over your tail as you scuttle down the gang-plank."

Bennett slammed the door so violently that he broke the handle.

TWELVE

Atkinson addressed his audience assembled in the night-club.

"We have no reason to alter our normal arrangements, and tonight's entertainment is scheduled to commence with an instruction in the art of using a long whip. This is not an easy instrument, and accuracy of aim is essential. During the early stages of practice, it is advisable that the slave should be provided with leather protection for the head and neck and also the kidney area."

Celia was facing the wall, her wrists secured to metal rings set in the plasterwork high above her head. Atkinson raised the whip and it cracked across her back. She screamed. A trickle of blood began to flow from the point on her left shoulder where the tip of the lash had caught her. Atkinson frowned; he had not intended to cut her at the first stroke. However, he continued his lecture, giving technical instruction on the handling of the whip and illustrating his points with further stripes to the back of the slave. He was also waiting for the hysterical, almost non-stop screams to quieten, not into the apathy of a faint but into the slave's first "crossing of the pain barrier". He had to take her there tonight, because he knew that he had to depend on her total commitment in his present danger.

Pain and love - so far apart they must come together at the other side of the circle. When inexpressible ecstasy transcends unendurable agony.

And it happened.

The screams had faded to shivering moans of passion, as she luxuriated in the total commitment of slavery.

They heard a commotion in the corridor. Doors crashed open, a shot was fired. Then armed police were in the room.

Amid the shouting and confusion, Sullivan released Celia and soothed her. Atkinson was talking to the police chief, pointing out that this was a private party and all persons were present of their own free will. Then they saw the woman police constable, clutching her gun, her face a rigid mask of horror as she stared at the flogged slave and the man with the whip. She emitted a sound that resembled a feral snarl, and raised her revolver.

Celia screamed "Master!" and flung herself forward. One bullet struck her and the other entered Atkinson's body.

END

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